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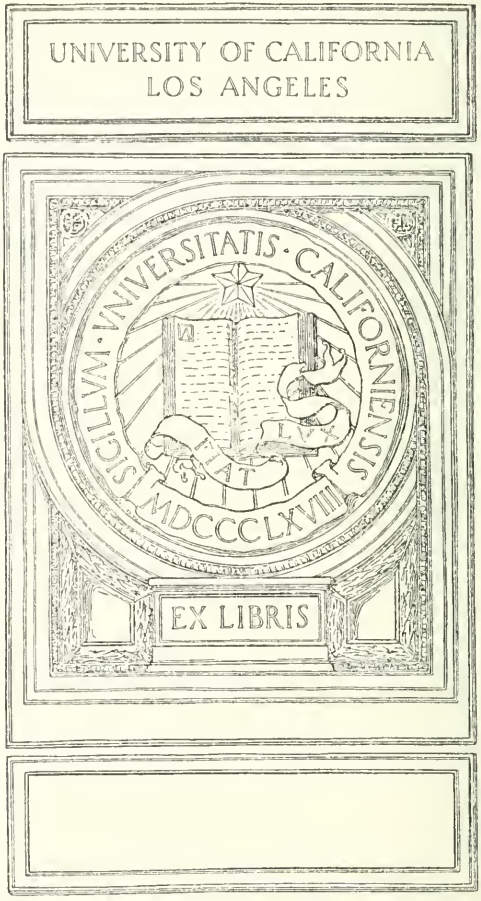

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Churchyards good will. [7]

Sad and heauy Verſes, in the nature of an Epitaph, for *the loſſe of the Archbiſhop of* Canterbury, lately deceaſed, Primate *and Metropolitane of all* England.

Written by Thomas Churchyard, Eſquire.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in Hoſier lane, neere Smithfield. 1604.

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468939
English Dept.

To the Honourable and righ

Reuerend Father in God, D. Bancraft, Biſhop of London.

MY good Lord, as Gods grace and hig calling made you great, and in ſpecia fauour with the Rulers of this Lan and in that while, called your Lordſhi to be well liked of the late Archbiſho of Canterbury, (for ſome your goo vertues:) ſo I, in boldneſſe of thoſe good parts, dedicat to your Lordſhip, the life and death (in verſe) of th matchleſſe Archbiſhop of Canterbury, lately deceaſed.

Your Lordſhips a
commaundemen

Thomas Churchyara

Churchyards good will.

THe Staffe of ſtay,
from feeble folke is gon,
The Lanterne-light,
of England is burnt out,
The Spectacle,
for world to looke vpon,
The tickle wheele, of Fortune turn'd about.
O mortall chaunce, that giues vs all a check!
O flattring life! Fye on thy froward fate.
A firmy Card, is robbed from the deck:
A Prelate great, is taken from our State,
A chiefe Shepheard, flyes now from flock & fold,
To leaue warm lodge, and lye in Coffin cold.

Churchyards goodwill.

A wofull change, hard deſt'ny doth afford,
To ſet ſome hye, in honour and great place,
And in three dayes, to tumble vnder boord,
Like lumpe of lead, to loſe life, goods, and Grace
This tells a tale, to twenty thouſand mẽn,
They muſt prepare, to goe when God doth call,
To droop and die, the Lord knowes how & when
The Tree cries crack, & down the boughs do fal
Of all our date, the day and howre is ſet
(Before mans birth) when we ſhall pay our det.

Churchyards good will.

When vertuous Mind, with wiſdom wan the gol
And chaſt deſires, might claime a crown of pray
And Grace did guide, both body, mind & ſoul
To tryumph on, bad world with bleſſed dayes,
A cruell courſe, of ſodayne ſickneſſe cam,
A Palzy cold, a wooluiſh dead diſeaſe,
Stept to the Fold, and tooke away the Lambe,
Whoſe haſty death, did all good men diſpleaſe,
Saue that world knows, God ſtill takes but his ow
To ſhew his power, and make his glory known.

Churchyards good will.

Whitegift his name, great gifts of God he had,
Won worthy fame, as white & black now ſhoes,
His preſence made, full many people glad,
Alwayes got friends, and ſtill reclaymed foes,
Held liberall houſe, and kept a Lordly trayne,
Fed rich and poore, with all God ſent and gaue,
Hoorded not vp, nor lou'd no greedy gayne,
Knew that all we, ſhall carry nought to graue,
But ſhrowding ſheet, good name, & true renowi
That winnes from hence, an euerlaſting Crown.

Churchyards good will.

Milde, ſoft and ſweet, (like Conduit water cleere,)
Spake that was meet, as his hye calling would:
Slo to ſharp words, but quick good things to heere
Of kind ſpeech free, held ſilence deare as gold:
Lou'd learned lore, and could thereof diſpute
Grauely and ſound, and did ſubdue ſome Sect:
His knowledge deep, broght forth ſweet perfit fruit,
That ſprowted from, the Tree of Gods elect,
Who ſuffreth not, no ſprig nor branch to bud,
But ſuch as beares, faire fruit and bloſſomes good.

Churchyards good will.

Croydon can ſhew, his works, life, laud and all,
Croydon hath loſt, the Saint of that ſweet ſhrine,
Lambeth may cry, and Canterbury may call,
Long for the like, with wofull weeping eyne:
But few I feare, his like are left aliue,
The more our griefe: a great King ſo did ſay:
Death ſtole like theefe, the hony from the hiue,
Our great Primate, in patience went away,
Left ſtately Court, and Countrey at the beſt,
Becauſe he hop't, to ſleepe in *Abrahams* breſt.

FINIS.

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